

DIED STRUGGLING WITH POLICEMEN.

J. Anderson Was Under Arrest for Intoxication and Tried to Get Away.

Thrown to the Ground by Patrolman O'Keefe Assisted by His Partner Haugh.

One Witness Who Says the Prisoner Was Struck with a Club and Strangled.

DEAD WHEN AMBULANCE ARRIVED.

Surgeon Said Death Was Due to Suffocation—Bluecoats Deny Having Used Any Unnecessary Force.

Just how far Policemen Cornelius O'Keefe and James Haugh, of the West Thirty-fifth Street Station, may be properly held responsible for the death of J. Anderson, whose body now lies in the Morgue, only the autopsy, which will be made to-day, can determine.

Anderson, whose body was identified last night by Charles Brown, of No. 531 First avenue, lived at No. 235 East Twenty-sixth street, and was employed at Jackson's foundry, in Thirty-first street, near East River.

About 11:20 o'clock Saturday night Anderson was arrested in front of Mrs. I. Joyce's dry goods and furnishing store, at No. 531 First avenue. According to all accounts he was drunk, and had bothered the policeman considerably before. At the request of Mrs. Joyce and a woman living in the next house, he was arrested.

Anderson was a big, powerful man. He weighed 250 pounds, and stood over six feet in his stockings. But he had the name of being a peaceful man. O'Keefe is also a big man. He is over six feet tall and weighs all of 180 pounds.

When he arrested Anderson the prisoner went quietly enough along the west side of First avenue to near the corner of Thirty-fourth street. Then, according to O'Keefe's story, Anderson put off his foot and tripped him up. O'Keefe recovered himself just in time to ward off a blow from Anderson's umbrella, and, clenching with him, both of the big men fell heavily to the pavement. This was in Thirty-fourth street, not far from the First avenue corner.

There was a lively tussle after Anderson was down. O'Keefe admits it. He says that he put his leg across Anderson's thighs to keep his feet down and clinched one of his arms with both his hands. Policeman Haugh, whose beat is on Thirty-fourth street, came running up, and, according to O'Keefe's story, helped hold Anderson down while a citizen, whom the two policemen had drafted into service for the patrol wagon.

"Before the wagon arrived," says O'Keefe, "I thought something was the matter with the man. He sort of quit struggling, so we had another citizen ring for the ambulance. Shortly after the wagon came an ambulance also arrived from Bellevue Hospital. The doctor examined Anderson, and then said he was dead."

"We took the body to the station house in the patrol wagon and I reported to the sergeant. I didn't strike the man or choke him, and neither did Haugh. I used no more force than was absolutely necessary to take Anderson to the station house and to overcome him when he tripped me up and struck at me."

Policeman Haugh, who has a black eye, which, he says, resulted from a kick given him by Anderson during the struggle, corroborates O'Keefe's statement that Anderson was neither clubbed nor choked.

The ambulance surgeon was Dr. Lowry, a young man who was making his first trip on an ambulance. He was called to the scene when the ambulance arrived from Bellevue, and on his return to the hospital he so reported. He gave a cursory examination of the body, as suffocation.

At the station house the body of the dead man was placed on a table, and a coroner's jury was sworn in. The coroner, who had carried the body to the station house, said that he had found an empty whiskey bottle from which the cork had fallen, letting the liquor soak the man's clothing. There was also in money and a green ticket showing the dead man to be J. Anderson, a member of the Scandia Social Club, of No. 541 First avenue.

It was by means of this ticket that the body was identified last night. Charles Brown, a member of the club, went to the morgue and recognized the body at once. Anderson joined the club on September 17, paying three months' dues. When he joined he gave his address as No. 235 East Twenty-sixth street, where he said he lived with his daughter. At the number given it was said that a man answering the description of Anderson lived in a flat on the ground floor with a family named Stromborn. None of the neighbors, however, knew the man.

The woman of the Stromborn family is said to be Anderson's daughter, and a young man who also lives in the house answers the description of Anderson's son, who is also employed in Jackson's foundry. There are plenty of persons in the vicinity of the foundry who "know" that O'Keefe and Haugh choked their prisoner to death. But only one person could be found who said that he saw either of the policemen abuse the man. He is a boy named Joseph Cohen, who lives in Thirty-fourth street, near First avenue. He saw Anderson grab O'Keefe's coat in the struggle, and that the policeman knocked his hand down with a single blow of his right stick.

"He only hit him once," said Cohen, "but he choked him, too." The body bears no marks of either the blow or the choking. Blood had run around the neck, but it was found to come from a small cut in the man's neck. The coroner's jury, which was sworn in at the morgue, found the man's death due to suffocation, and that he was killed by the police.

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Boy Pickpockets Locked Up.

Two boys, each sixteen years old, were arrested by the Central Park police, after a chase, charged with picking the pockets of Mrs. Nickel, of No. 424 West Forty-eighth street, yesterday afternoon. They were locked up in the City Society room, and gave their names as Isaac Leger, No. 108 Ludlow street, and David Anderson, No. 128 Madison street. Mrs. Nickel accuses the boys with having stolen a purse, containing \$1.04. The prisoners will be arraigned in the Yorkville Court to-day.

Ten-Year-Old Boy Missing.

The Mount Vernon police are searching for Willie Gulon, the ten-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Gulon, of No. 181 South Fourth avenue, who disappeared from their city last Friday morning and has not been seen since. On the day of his disappearance he told his sister that he was going to be a sailor.



HE WEDDED THE WIDOW THE DAY HE MET HER.

Matrimonial Agency Courtship Ended Very Satisfactorily to Mrs. Mario Berg.

He Surprised Her by Appearing in Person, and After a Little Talk They Agreed to Marry.

WERE MADE ONE THAT VERY EVENING.

Bridegroom Was in High Spirits and Offered the Minister All the Money He Had with Him—A Happy Pair.

New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 20.—The village of Spotswood, a few miles from here, is greatly interested in the rather romantic marriage of Mrs. Mario Berg, a young woman of many charms. The wedding, which was solemnized by the Rev. A. W. Cornell, rector of the Episcopal Church, yesterday, was brought about by a letter which Mrs. Berg sent to a matrimonial agency in New York, describing her wants and condition in life.

Mrs. Berg's husband died several years ago. After a very decorous widowhood, for she was still a young woman, she plied for another companion, and as none around Spotswood seemed to her liking, she determined to try her fortunes with a matrimonial agency. She did so, and heard from a good many whom she was satisfied were triflers, and finally her correspondence was restricted to Adolph Rapp, a well-to-do German.

They exchanged several letters, and then Mrs. Berg heard no more from Mr. Rapp for some days. On Saturday he arrived in the village of Spotswood, and began to make inquiries about Mrs. Berg among the villagers. All that he heard was greatly to her credit, and he wrote her words of introduction to the widow's home.

Her intuition told her that the stranger was Mr. Rapp, even before he had stated the object of his call, and she was so pleased with the man that his suggestion a few minutes later that they be married right away was readily agreed to.

The friendly aid of Mr. and Mrs. Feller, neighbors, was asked, and early in the evening Rector Cornell spoke the solemn words of the church that made them man and wife. Adolph was in high spirits, and he tendered the minister all the money he had on his person, a great handful of cash. The clergyman declined to take so much, but Adolph said:

"Take it, I've got plenty, and I've got more."

When the village boys came around later to serenade the couple Adolph was still in a good humor, and invited everybody in to have refreshments.

WATER COMPANY'S BIG JOB.

Is Completing a Gigantic Reservoir, and One Padrone Is Growing Rich.

Paterson, N. J., Sept. 20.—The magnitude of the operations of the East Jersey Water Company, which will supply water to Jersey City, Newark and other places, is well instanced by the work now in progress near Stockholm, N. J. The new reservoir will be about the size of the lake in area, and its establishment will wipe out one church and twenty houses, and a number of farm buildings. There will be three dams, the main one of which will be 540 feet long, 55 feet high, 250 feet broad at the bottom, of soil and stone, and 5 1/2 feet wide at the top.

Sixteen hundred men and 300 teams and carts are constantly employed. One thousand of the laborers are Italians, and it is said they will take most of their earnings back to Italy with them when the work is completed, which will be about the middle of November. Jose, the padrone, who brings the Italians to the place, finds them work, and supplies them with their few necessities, and is said to be growing rich rapidly.

FIGHT WITH A BLACK SNAKE.

It Turned on Hamlin, but He Killed It with a Club.

Bellevue, N. J., Sept. 20.—William Hamlin, of this place, had a lively encounter with a six-foot black snake yesterday. The reptile was discovered by Hamlin lying in the road close to a small brook. Just before Hamlin got to it with a club the snake started for the water. It turned on him, however, when he struck it, and Hamlin did not succeed in killing it until it had given him a lively fight.

Bridge Accident to Be Investigated.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 20.—A meeting of the Joint Bridge Committee of Essex and Hudson will be held to-morrow afternoon, when an investigation will be made into the accident on the Clay street bridge last night, in which Captain Thomas P. Mazon was cut in two between the end of the draw and the bridge platform.

"SEND FOR FATHER! I'M SHOT," HE CRIED.

Drunk with Jealousy, Shaw, a Veteran, Shot and Killed His Younger Rival.

Victim Fell Backward and Died in a Few Minutes After Asking for His Parent.

MURDERER CLAIMS SELF DEFENCE.

It Would Seem, However, from the Stories Told, That the Crime Was a Cold Blooded One—Women in the Case Arrested.

Bridgeton, N. J., Sept. 20.—In a Jealous

THE TICKET.

BROKEN UMBRELLA.

Scandia Social Club.

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WERE ENGAGED SIX YEARS.

Then Miss King Put a Notice in the Paper Declaring That the Match Was Off.

Bloomfield, N. J., Sept. 20.—Local society had much to talk about to-day. On Saturday a local paper contained the announcement that the engagement between Miss Emily J. King and Charles W. Smith was a thing of the past. Miss King lives with her father, Arthur J. King, in a handsome residence on Bellevue avenue, the most aristocratic thoroughfare in Bloomfield. Mr. King is connected with the R. G. Dun Co.'s Mercantile Agency. Mr. Smith lives on Liberty street, about a mile and a half from the King home. He is the only son of Newton Smith, who is in business in Newark. Young Smith is a clerk in his father's employ. He declined to discuss his broken engagement to-day.

"Mr. King, when asked if there was any reason for the public announcement, said that it was a matter that related solely between the young people. 'My daughter,' he said, 'took the step herself. I was not consulted in the matter. She had better speak for herself.'"

Miss King said that she and Mr. Smith mutually agreed to disengage. "There was no quarrel, or anything of the kind," she

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., Sept. 20.—A remarkable case of faith cure, as it is called, has just become known in this village. Mrs. Jennie Snediker, the wife of Seymour Snediker, a prominent lawyer, claims to have regained her health and strength after years of suffering through the prayers of herself and the minister and members of her church. She had been given up as incurable by the physicians of the village.

Mrs. Snediker was able to walk about her house to-day, and in the afternoon she felt strong enough to go outside. Leaning upon her husband's arm, she strolled down the street, meeting several of her old friends and receiving their congratulations. She has gained in weight and expects to have fully recovered within a few weeks.

For five years Mrs. Snediker has been bedridden. The complication of diseases with which she was afflicted baffled the skill of the physicians. Specialists were called in, but they shook their heads, it is said, and declared that she could live but a few months longer.

It was as a last resort that Mrs. Snediker was persuaded to try the faith cure. A friend who had read of the alleged marvelous cures called upon Mrs. Snediker and urged a trial of its effectiveness. Mrs. Snediker has always been a churchgoing woman, and so she sent for her pastor and the elders of the church and begged them to unite in praying for her. It might save her life, she said; nothing else could.

For days the prayers at the sick woman's bedside were kept up. She declared that she was beginning to feel better, and so the prayers went on. The pastors of the churches in this village were asked to have their congregations pray for the sufferer, and this was done.

In about two weeks the woman's strength had so far returned that she was able to leave her bed for the first time in five years—and sit up in a big armchair. Two more days passed and she stood up as her feet. Then she resumed her household work. She has continued to improve steadily.

Mrs. Snediker is about forty-three years of age, and is the daughter of Stephen Rushmore, of this village. She has lived here all her life. She was married to Mr. Snediker about twenty years ago. The couple have had no children.

When Mrs. Snediker is able to attend church, she and her friends will take part in thanksgiving services.

DOG TURNED AND BIT

It Was Caught in the Fence and Munsion Tried to Release It.

Whitestone, L. I., Sept. 20.—Clarence Munsion, the fifteen-year-old son of Captain Robert Munsion, was bitten by a dog this morning. The dog was owned by Charles Wright, proprietor of an express route between this place and New York.

The dog was caught in a fence, through which it had tried to crawl. The boy tried to release it, and while he was doing so he was twice bitten. Once the dog caught his hand and again his right leg. The dog worked itself loose and started down the road. Before it was finally killed it had bitten nine dogs. It was shot by a brother of the bitten boy. Munsion's wounds were cauterized.

TWO INSANE IN THE STREET.

One Said He Was from Newark and the Other an Elizabeth Citizen.

Elizabeth, N. J., Sept. 20.—An insane man, giving the names of Richard Johnson and Richard Tucker, was arrested on Broad street last night. He was put into a straight jacket at the police station and to-day was taken to the County Jail, where he was pronounced insane, and will go to Morris Plains Asylum.

THE MAN CLAIMS TO COME FROM NEWARK.

Another insane man, Theophilus Kinney, of West street, was found on the sidewalk last night and will be treated at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital here. He is quite well known.

SECRET SLAUGHTER HOUSE.

Mysterious Theft of Cows Leads to Suspicion by the Police.

West Orange, N. J., Sept. 20.—It is thought by the police in this section that a slaughter house exists somewhere in a secluded spot in West Orange, where animals are killed and shipped to market by men who steal them.

Several robberies of cattle have been reported to the police from farmers in the vicinity of the Orange Mountains during the last week. Yesterday D. H. Watkins, who resides on a farm near Orange reservoir, over the mountains, drove to the West Orange Police Station and reported the loss of a cow, which had been stolen from his farm. A few moments later Alfred Crommelin, of Gregory avenue, on the mountain side, reported the loss of a cow. He said that he had seen a cow at West Orange that a cow had strayed or been stolen from his farm.

HEAD STRUCK ON THE RAILS.

Kennedy Was Thrown from His Hack While Crossing the Tracks.

Flushing, L. I., Sept. 20.—Thomas Kennedy, twenty-eight years old, a hack driver, was badly injured early this morning. He was driving across the tracks of the Long Island Railroad, at Main street, when his horse became frightened and backed suddenly, throwing Kennedy from his seat.

His head struck on one of the rails and a gash was cut in his scalp. The cut was severe, and he was taken to St. Mary's Hospital, where he is now recovering, although he said his injury was very serious.

Was Violating the Sunday Law.

Policeman Glasgow, who is attached to the Stagg Street Station, Williamsburg, early yesterday morning arrested Jacob Whittestein, twenty-one years old, a truckman, of No. 22 Moore street, on a charge of violating the Sunday law. At the time of Whittestein's arrest he was removing a load of dry goods from the store of Henry Goldstein, No. 129 Graham avenue. When arrested before Justice Lennon, in the Ewen Street Police Court, he was remanded for examination.

Masonic Memorial Services.

Memorial services under the auspices of the Williamsburg Masonic Board of Relief were held yesterday afternoon at the Masonic plot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. There were twenty lodges in attendance. Addresses were made by the Right Worshipful Brother Charles H. Cox, Grand Master of Masons John Stewart, Right Worshipful Brother M. C. Carswell and the Rev. C. L. Twigg.

Millard Club's Conch Parade.

The big Democratic district of South Brooklyn will be aglow with light and a display of Bryan banners to-morrow night, to welcome home the members of the James J. Millard Club from their annual outing to Long Island. College Point, L. I. Coaches will be waiting at Hamilton ferry at 8 o'clock and the party will be conveyed to the clubhouse at No. 335 Hoyt street.

Crushed Between Car Bumpers.

John McDonald, twenty-six years old, of Bayview, while coupling cars in the yard of the A. A. Grilling Iron Works, Jersey City, yesterday, was caught between bumpers and badly injured. He was taken to the City Hospital.

PRAYERS SAVED THE LIFE OF THIS WOMAN.

Mrs. Jennie Snediker Tried the Faith Cure and It Helped Her.

She Had Been Bedridden for Five Years and Doctors Said That She Could Not Live.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH RESTORED.

She Believes That Her Recovery Is Nothing Short of Miraculous—Was Able to Walk Outdoors Yesterday.

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